UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Tuesday Noon Series:
Where Love Rests

Featuring soprano Miriam Khalil and pianist David Eliakis.

The Tuesday Noon Series is made possible in part by a generous gift from Dianne W. Henderson.

Tuesday, March 3rd, 2026, at 12:10 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queens Park

PROGRAM

Aatini el nay wa ghanni [Hand Me the Nay and Sing]

Najib Hankash (1904–1977)

Lilacs (Twelve Songs, Op. 21, No. 5)

In the Silence of the Secret Night (Six Romances, Op. 4, No. 3)

Spring Waters (Twelve Romances, Op. 14, No. 11)

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873–1943)

Vier letzte Lieder

I. *Früling*

II. *September*

III. *Beim Schlafengehen*

IV. *Im Abendrot*

Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

My Feet May Take a Little While

About Here

Errollyn Wallen (b.1958)

We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years, it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.

As part of the Faculty's commitment to improving Indigenous inclusion, we call upon all members of our community to start/continue their personal journeys towards understanding and acknowledging Indigenous peoples' histories, truths and cultures. Visit indigenous.utoronto.ca to learn more.

Text and Translations

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Aatini el nay wa ghanni

aetani alnnay w ghani
falghana' sirr alwujudw
'anin alnnay yabqaa baed
'an yufanna alwujud

hal aittakhadhat alghab mithli munzalanaan dun alqusur
fttbeat alssiwaqi w tasallaqat alssukhur
hal tahmmamat bieatar w tanshafat binur
w sharrabat alfajr khmra fi kuuws min 'athir
'aetani alnnay w ghan falghana' sirr alwujud
w 'anin alnnay yabqaa baed 'an yufanna alwujud

hal jalasat aleasr mithli bayn jafanat aleanab
w aleanaqid tadallat kthryat aldhdhahab
hal farashat aleshb lylaan w talhafat alfada'
zahdaan fi ma sayati nasyana ma qad madaa
'aetani alnnay w ghan falghana' eadl alqulub
w anin alnnay yabqaa baed 'an tafanna aldhdhunub

'aetani alnnay w ghani
w 'iins da' w dawa'
'innama alnnas sutur
katabt lkn bima'

Hand Me the Nay and Sing

Hand me the Nay and sing
For the Nay holds the secret of immortality
And the laments of the Nay will linger on,
Well beyond the end of time.

Have you, like me,
Chosen a forest dwelling rather than a castle?
Have you followed river streams and climbed rocks?
Have you anointed your body
With fragrance distilled in light?
and have you savoured dawn
As wine in goblets of pure air

Have you, like me, Sat down at dusk,
Among the glowing languor
Of vines laden with grapes?
As though they were golden chandeliers
Have you lain down on the grass at night
And covered yourself with the heavens above?
Opening your heart to the future,
Forgetful of the past?

Hand me the Nay and sing
Unmindful of troubles and cures,
For the story of mankind
Is merely a water mark

Siren
Ekaterina Andreyena Beketova

Poutru, na zare,
Po rasistoj trave,
Ya pajdu svezhym utrom dyshat’;
I v dushystuyu ten’,
Gde tesnitsya siren’,
Ya pojdu svoyo shchast’ye iskat’...

Lilacs
Translation by Philip Ross Bullock

In the morning, at dawn,
Through the dew-clad grass,
I shall walk, breathing in the freshness of morning;
And to the fragrant shade,
Where lilacs cluster,
I shall go in search of happiness…

V zhizni shchast’ye odno
Mne najti suzhdeno,
I to shchast’ye v sireni zhyvyot;
Na zelyonykh vetvyakh,
Na dushistykh kistyakh
Moyo bednoe shchast’ye tsvetyot...

In life there is but one happiness
That I am fated to find,
And that happiness dwells in the lilacs;
On their green branches,
In their fragrant clusters
My poor happiness blooms…

O, dolgo budu ja, v molchan'i nochi tajnoj
Afanasy Afanasyevich Fet

O, dolgo budu ja, v molchan'i nochi tajnoj,
Kovarnyj lepet tvoj, ulybku, vzor sluchajnyj,
Perstam poslushnuju volos gustuju prjad',
Iz myslej izgonjat', i snova prizyvat';
Dysha poryvisto, odin, nikem ne zrimyj,
Dosady i styda rumjanami palimyj,
Iskat' khotja odnoj zagadochnoj cherty
V slovakh, kotorye proiznosila ty;
Sheptat' i popravljat' bylye vyrazhen'ja
Rechej moikh s toboj, ispolnennykh smushchen'ja,
I v op'janenii, naperekor umu,
Zavetnym imenem budit' nochnuju mglu.

In the Silence of the Secret Night
Translation by Philip Ross Bullock

Oh, long will I, in the silence of the mysterious night,
Chase from my thoughts and then call up again
Your artful chatter, your smile, your casual glance,
The thick tresses of your hair, so pliant in my fingers;
Breathing fitfully, alone, unseen by anybody else,
Burning with the glow of vexation and of shame,
I shall seek out the slightest hint of mystery
In the words you uttered;
I shall whisper and improve upon the past expressions
Of things I once said to you, things full of bashfulness,
And intoxicated, against all reason,
I shall wake night’s darkness with your cherished name.

Jeshchjo v poljakh belejet sneg
Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev

Jeshchjo v poljakh belejet sneg,
A vody uzh vesnoj shumjat --
Begut i budjat sonnyj breg,
Begut, i bleshchut, i glasjat...

Oni glasjat vo vse koncy:
"Vesna idjot, vesna idjot!
My molodoj vesny goncy,
Ona nas vyslala vperjod.

Vesna idjot, vesna idjot,
I tikhikh, teplykh majskikh dnej
Rumjanyj, svetlyj khorovod
Tolpitsja veselo za nej!...

Spring Waters
Translation by Philip Ross Bullock

The fields are still white with snow,
But the streams already herald spring –
They run and stir the sleepy banks,
They run, and glitter, and proclaim…

They proclaim in every direction:
‘Spring is coming, spring is coming!
We are the messengers of youthful spring,
Who has sent us on ahead.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
And the quiet, warm days of May,
Like some rosy, radiant round-dance,
Rush gaily in its wake!..

Vier letzte Lieder

I. Frühling
Hermann Hesse

In dämmrigen Grüften
Träumte ich lang
Von deinen Bäumen und blauen Lüften,
Von deinem Duft und Vogelsang.
Nun liegst du erschlossen
In Gleiß und Zier,
Von Licht übergossen
Wie ein Wunder vor mir.
Du kennst mich wieder,
Du lockst mich zart,
Es zittert durch all meine Glieder
Deine selige Gegenwart.

II. September
Hermann Hesse

Der Garten trauert,
Kühl sinkt in die Blumen der Regen.
Der Sommer schauert
Still seinem Ende entgegen.
Golden tropft Blatt um Blatt
Nieder vom hohen Akazienbaum.
Sommer lächelt erstaunt und matt
In den sterbenden Gartentraum.
Lange noch bei den Rosen
Bleibt er stehen, sehnt sich nach Ruh.
Langsam tut er die großen
Müdgewordnen Augen zu.

III. Beim Schlafengehen
Hermann Hesse

Nun der Tag mich müd gemacht,
Soll mein sehnliches Verlangen
Freundlich die gestirnte Nacht
Wie ein müdes Kind empfangen.
Hände, laßt von allem Tun,
Stirn vergiß du alles Denken,
Alle meine Sinne nun
Wollen sich in Schlummer senken.
Und die Seele unbewacht
Will in freien Flügen schweben,
Um im Zauberkreis der Nacht
Tief und tausendfach zu leben.

Four Last Songs

I. Spring

In dusky vaults
I have long dreamt
of your trees and blue skies,
of your scents and the songs of birds.
Now you lie revealed
in glistening splendour,
flushed with light,
like a wonder before me.
You know me again,
you beckon tenderly to me;
all of my limbs quiver
from your blissful presence!

II. September

The garden is mourning,
the rain sinks coolly into the flowers.
Summer shudders
as it meets its end.
Leaf upon leaf drops golden
down from the lofty acacia.
Summer smiles, astonished and weak,
in the dying garden dream.
For a while still by the roses
it remains standing, yearning for peace.
Slowly it closes its large
eyes grown weary.

III. While Going to Sleep

Now that the day has made me so tired,
my dearest longings shall
be accepted kindly by the starry night
like a weary child.
Hands, cease your activity,
head, forget all of your thoughts;
all my senses now
will sink into slumber.
And my soul, unobserved,
will float about on untrammeled wings
in the enchanted circle of the night,
living a thousandfold more deeply.

IV. Im Abendrot
Joseph von Eichendorff

Wir sind durch Not und Freude
Gegangen Hand in Hand,
Vom Wandern ruhen wir
Nun überm stillen Land.
Rings sich die Täler neigen,
Es dunkelt schon die Luft,
Zwei Lerchen nur noch steigen
Nachträumend in den Duft.
Tritt her, und laß sie schwirren,
Bald ist es Schlafenszeit,
Daß wir uns nicht verirren
In dieser Einsamkeit.
O weiter stiller Friede!
So tief im Abendrot,
Wie sind wir wandermüde --
Ist dies etwa der Tod?

IV. In the twilight

Through adversity and joy
We've gone hand in hand;
We rest now from our wanderings
Upon this quiet land.
Around us slope the valleys,
The skies grow dark;
Two larks alone are just climbing,
As if after a dream, into the scented air.
Come here and let them whir past,
For it will soon be time to rest;
We do not wish to get lost
In this solitude.
O wide, quiet peace,
So deep in the red dusk...
How weary we are of our travels --
Is this perhaps - Death?

My feet may take a little while
Errollyn Wallen

My feet may take a little while
To walk the way of my dreaming heart
The more I walk, the more I breathe
The more I breathe, the less I know

There is a song I was taught
Of hills and streams and all
The hopes and fears of living things
Are written there in me

My feet are slower than my heart
Slower than my dreams, than my will
I'll walk a million miles
I've walked a million miles of innocence

My feet may take a little while
To walk the way of my dreaming heart
The more I walk, the more I breathe
The more I breathe, the less I know

About Here

I sit upon the hillside
Among the redwood trees
I ask for nothing special but a glimpse of the
moon in the sun.
A rare moon.

…just grateful for the air out here
And a view of heaven,
Such a view of heaven.

I sit upon the hill.

I sit upon this hilltop,
I hear coyotes cry.
The life behind me pales.

Somehow up here,
Soon I know there'll be a full moon,
A new moon up here.

I sit upon the hillside.
Among the redwood trees.
Among the scattered stars
I see a full moon,
A blue moon

Up here.

Miriam Khalil Soprano

Grammy nominee and two time Juno nominated artist, Miriam Khalil has established herself as one of Canada's most versatile and expressive performers. She has become increasingly known for her non traditional performances of opera, art song and concert repertoire.

Miriam has sung on numerous opera stages across North America, South America and the UK, including several seasons at the renowned Glyndebourne Festival Opera in the United Kingdom. She has sung leading roles at companies across Canada and the United States; acclaimed for her interpretations of Mimì in La bohème; Elvira in Don Giovanni; Susanna in Le Nozze di Figaro; Mélisande in Pelléas et Mélisande; the Governess in The Turn of the Screw; Cleopatra in Giulio Cesare; and the title role in Handel's Alcina.

She is a proud co-founder of the Dora Mavor Moore Award-winning opera company Against the Grain Theatre (AtG). With AtG, she produced and was nominated for a Juno Award for Classical Album of the Year for her debut album Ayre: Live, a song cycle by Argentinian composer Osvaldo Golijov. With this song cycle, she made her South American debut, and premiered Ayre in Buenos Aires at the Kirchner Cultural Centre. She has sung Ayre to critical acclaim across Canada, opened the prestigious Rockport Music Festival in the USA, and the 21c Music Festival at Toronto's acclaimed Koerner Hall, making this Song Cycle her signature piece.

She was also a soloist in the groundbreaking and award winning film Messiah/Complex, an internationally acclaimed AtG/Toronto Symphony Orchestra realization of Handel's Messiah captured against iconic Canadian landscapes. With AtG, she made her directorial film debut with Gustav Holst's opera Sāvitri, a film that was nominated in the Artistic Creation category in Opera America's digital excellence in opera awards.

Miriam is a graduate of the prestigious Canadian Opera Company Ensemble Studio, the Steans Institute for Young Artists (Ravinia) and the Britten-Bears Young Artist Programme in the UK. She is also an Alumni of The Glenn Gould School of the Royal Conservatory of Music and The University of Ottawa. She also teaches voice at the University of Alberta and is excited to be working with the next generation of artistic voices.

David Eliakis Pianist

Passionate about the hidden gems of music, pianist David Eliakis thrives on uncovering lesser-known works and composers waiting to be discovered. With an ear for the unique and a love for the classics, he enjoys reinterpreting timeless songs, breathing new life into beloved melodies. His performances have taken him to the stages of Brazil, Switzerland (World Economic Forum), England (as a finalist in the Wigmore Hall Song Competition), Northern Ireland, Germany, New York, and across Canada as pianist and musical director for Against The Grain Theatre's national tour of La Bohème. A recipient of the Ontario Arts Council Chalmers Award, David had the honour of studying privately with Warren Jones (Manhattan School of Music) in New York City, as well as working with Julius Rudel, Sir Martin Isepp, Dalton Baldwin, Graham Johnson, and Roger Vignoles.

A faculty member of the Royal Conservatory of Music, David has also collaborated with Tapestry Opera, the Canadian Opera Company, Opera In Reach, and Amplified Opera in numerous performances of "The Queen in Me" with Teiya Kasahara, including performances at the Belfast International Arts Festival, and the National Arts Centre.He was also the host and curator of Against The Grain Theatre's monthly Opera Pub for five years.

As a lecturer he speaks passionately about under-represented composers and works, as well as singers of past generations. He was also featured as a guest speaker and Q&A panelist at the Toronto International Film Festival for the premiere of Maria by Callas and Maria starring Angelina Jolie.

UPCOMING EVENTS:

Master Class with Miriam Khalil, soprano
Mar. 3, 6:00– 8:00 pm | Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building

SNATS: Closeout & Bake Sale: Acting out the larynx!
Mar. 6, 12:00 pm | Room 217, Edward Johnson Building

UofT Opera: The Rape of Lucretia
Mar. 12,13,14, 7:30 pm, Mar. 15, 2:30 pm | Harbourfront Centre Theatre, 231 Queen's Quay W